PECULIAR TYPES COME UNDER REPORTER'S EAGLE EYE.

A Colored Rag-Time Plano Player and His Art-The Brick Man's Doleful Song-Another Story.

"Well. I cert'ny didn't know yo' when yo' i chiefs are worth 15 cents each and that no fust come in;

enjoy it all!

a genius in his line. He says that he is crowd, the only woman in sight, going all wrapped up in his music, and after ob- about her business in a very matter-ofserving him at his work one can easily be- fact manner indeed. She evidently has lieve it. He compels attention on account some ideas of her own and is not afraid to of his originality and versatility. Unlike carry them out. most barroom pianists, he scorns cigarettes and wins distinction with enormous black cigars from which he extracts tremendous clouds of sooty smoke that bring to mind a locomotive full of soft coal. He can get more smoke out of a cigar than anybody that ever lived; he says so himself. He does not care particularly for the glasses of beer which enthusiastic admirers insist upon denating to him, but drinks what is thrust upon him merely to keep from offending anybody. All he wants is to be left alone there at the plano-to be permitted to exist in that little musical world of his own-"to be allowed to shake out some of de music dat's inside of him," as he will tell you, soberly, his big eyes agleam with musical fervor.

The little "music room" in which he presides is an upstairs apartment over a saloon on Indiana avenue near the canal. The little black man sings and plays and plays and sings, and never seems to become tired. Sometimes he leaves the piano long enough to do a buck and wing dance "when de music gets down into his feet." music, of its technicalities or its "grammar," he instinctively appreciates its possibilities and does all that he can in his own untaught, uncultured way to give his thoughts and his emotions a musical interpretation. He "makes up" many of his songs and nearly all of his dance music. He is a distinct type of the musical American negro-musical in spite of everything.

If you happen to live on St. Clair street, one of the few thoroughfares of the city that extends almost entirely across the town from east to west, you have probably heard from day to day, during the That thin partition which divides old age from long hours of these summer afternoons, the melancholy songs of "the man on the brick wagon," as he is coming to be known. | Thou borderland of that vast ocean Life! If Charles Dickens were alive to-day, and Whose shores encircle a continuous strife, here in Indianapolis, he would doubtless shed ters of joy upon coming across such a character. Dick Swiveller at his worst never played such frightfuly morbid tunes on his melancholy flute as the man on the brick wagon sings while taking his daily load of bricks across the town. The residents along the street have had the blues for the last three weeks and one man-a night worker who is at home during the daytime-has been causing his friends much worry lately with his distressingly gloomy views of life,

There can be no doubt of one thing-the man on the brick wagon possesses a ghastly imagination, which he does not pretend to suppress in any way. On the contrary, he allows it carte-blanche-gives It permission to go ahead and play itself | And turning from this life's ungentle years, to the limit. It is to be hoped that it will | Whose arid plains are channeled by our tears, eventually wind up its career by doing the | May enter on its round of heavenly spheres one thing in keeping with its charactercommit suicide. The man on the brick wagen loves to think that his heavy wagon is a gigantic hearse and that each brick is a corpse. He bends over his reins with an expression of complete hopelessness on his face and croons a series of improvised funeral marches that are almost unbearable. You can tell that he composes them as he goes along, for he never renders the some selection twice, and it is beyond be-Hef that any one could have deliberately memorized such a repertoire of sorrow-

One sympathetic woman, after listening to the music with a heavy heart, vouchsafed the opinion that the man on the brick wagon was terribly unhappy-that his wife had perhaps been made miserable by misfortune, and she was not content until she had asked her husband to find out from the brick man himself just what the trouble was. The husband at first refused to do anything of the kind, but noticing that his wife took the matter so much to heart, finally consented to make the inquiry. And he did. Upon being asked "if he sang those funeral marches on account of unhappiness," the man on the brick wagon reined in his horses, surveyed the poor husband with a critical Is this his end? The scientist so bold, and sarcastic eye, and then answered briefly but expressively. He said: "Hell,

At the opening of the summer racing season, a tali, heavy-set man was to be found sitting on a bench in a corner of a poolroom which Indianapolis boasts, and when the last telegraphic report brings in the He, who so carefully his plans had laid, news of the final races of the summer, the chances are that he will still be found at | While thoughts of unaccomplished purpose rose, the same old stand. He is about the last | And rendered trebly sharp death's bitter throes! man in town to be taken for a "follower of the ponies," but experienced book-makers will tell you that the love of horse-racing crops up in the most unexpected places. This "turfite" is of the incurable kind; he talks of scarcely anything but "form" and "dope," and his eyes have become "starey" in expression from looking so hard at the trol of the proposed belt line. race cards that grace the walls of the poolroom. The queerest thing about him is that he seldom bets, nor does he seem to be a professional tipster. He never leaves the poolroom from noon until the last race of the day has been run, for the races are as meat and drink to him.

Ofttimes he is to be seen in the dark of the evening sitting on a bench in one of the parks carefully studying a "form sheet," so that he may be better posted in regard to the horse that are to race at the various tracks in the following day. He knows all the jockeys by name and can tell you to an ounce how much they weigh; he is able to describe offhand the colors that designate the important race stables of the United States; he is, in fact, an encyclopedia concerning all matters of the turf. And yet he seems to be in Indianapolis all of the time, and it is doubtful if he has ever visited any of the big race tracks in all his life. He never says, "Such-and-such a horse is likely to win this event." but will declare emphatically that "such-and-such a horse can't possible loose;" and then, when the horse that he has picked as a winner comes in far behind the others (for the best of race followers make mistakes), day I saw him buying a porterhouse steak at all open again. Early prospects for the he goes back to his old seat in the corner, the store.

crosses his legs, and remarks with firm NEWS OF THE THEATERS away again in a hundred years."

She is tall and angular and somewhat severe of countenance-the woman that sells handkerchiefs in saloons. One man, who was somewhat the worse for presistent association with Scotch high-balls, thought she was an understudy of the celebrated Carrie Nation, and started out the back door of the barroom in a hurry when she came stalking in through the swinging doors at the front entrance.

She isn't at all backward about introducing herself to a crowd of men, nor is she in any way immodest. She is simply all business, she insists that her handkerlovers in the sunny South;" how he does | bash street from Pennsylvania to Delaware | He is well worth knowing, for he is quite ment she was right in the thick of the

THE JOURNAL'S POETS.

To the Prairies.

There's majesty rises in cloud-piercing mountain, There's a deep brooding calm in the ocean and lake.

There's promise of love in the fast-flowing fountain. And blest the emotions that each of them wake. But the prairies, more fruitful than mountain or

Give strength unto man with perennial youth, They are free, they are free, And they call unto thee In the life-giving language of primitive truth.

Peace dwells in their calmness, hope sounds through their message, In each golden harvest good fortune has presage,

Here dwells the ripe promise of infinite Will, Man works in full confidence, knowing the end Will repay with abundance his long day of toil. He has heart to defend From the ills the fates send

A home on the prairies' rich, bountiful soil. Knowing nothing of the literature of Then here's to the prairies! May summer caress The wind as it wanders be soothing as wine: May the laws of our country continue to bless

And long may their boundaries pleasure define. We love them, we love them, the prairies divine, With their peace and their plenty, their homeloving call;

They are yours, they are mine, Let the wide world repine, God reigns in their heavens, and there's room for us all. -Charles W. Stevenson. Warrensburg, Mo.

The Borderland.

newness of life.]

Gray, twilight clime-With storms of wind and wave, With slow and faltering steps life's pilgrims

The changeful margin of thy wreck-strewn beach Where pale, yet wordless lips, and eyes beseech The help the Master gave.

He guides their feet To mountains beautiful, though pitched so steep | score to settle with him. That they who would ascend must trustful keep Firm hold on unseen hand; Till reaching a far, dizzying resting place, With outstretched arms and lifted eyes they

A window cut upon the mountain's face, That looks on Beulah's land!

Oh, happy soul! Who, gazing through that opening cleft so high, Can catch rapt glimpses of the wond'rous sky That roofs the Alps beyond! Through death's all-canceling bond.

Indianapolis, July, 1902.

Bird of the South. Bird of the South, my distant South, Thy pilgrimage was long; And wood and dusty mart, alike, Have known thy wayside song. These border groves have sheltered thee

Each night thy journey through;

Still can it be, to that far land, Thy heart, like mine, is true? Broad may these northern meadows stretch, Fair may their blossoms be; The iris is the only flower That blows for thee and me.

And if, some slient night, there comes Across the sleeping land Thy note of longing from the trees, There's one will understand Bird of the South, when summer time Hath broke her golden spell, When on the wind thy homeward bound,

Exultant song shall swell, Wilt carry to my South, for me, One little song, apart, And sing it in the jasmine, low Above her listening heart? -Jessie St. John. Marion, Ind.

Andre.

Who would on gaseous courser of the sky Across the polar regions fearless fly! Alighting in the North King's icy hold, By chance quick thunder from a rifle rolled. The natives at the sound, with hostile cry, Upon the party spring, who, fighting die, And leave the story of the pole untold. What agony was his when he surveyed

Those fierce barbarians thirsting for his blood! Before brute fury helpless, hopeless stood, -Clarence J. Bulleit,

Corydon, Ind.

Purchased by George Gould. MEMPHIS, Tenn., Aug. 2.-Fifty-five per cent, of the stock of the Union Railway Company of this city was sold to-day to

George Gould, president of the Missouri Pa-

eific Railway, for \$148,000, giving him con-



ACCORDING TO THE PRICES. Cook-Sure, mum, an' our new naybor must

Mrs. Suburbs-Why so?

"NOT GUILTY" TO OPEN THE SEASON

AT THE PARK THIS WEEK.

Peculiar Bitterness of Mr. Fiske's Dramatic Mirror Toward Mrs. Campbell-What Is Doing in London.

The Park Theater will begin its season tomorrow with a melodrama entitled "Not man can afford to let such a bargain slip | Guilty," by Joseph Le Brandt. It was seen Jahly didn't reckonize yo' dahk brown by. Women handkerchief sellers that ply at the Park last season. It is one of the their trade among men are common enough old-fashioned plays of deviltry, daring and That is the way the refrain goes, and the | in the large Eastern cities, but this one | devotion, and its mainspring-honored cuslittle black man that sings it curls his thin is the first that has given the thing a trial tom-is a will. George Dalton, the dissilegs around the old wornout piano stool in Indianapolis. She says that it is easier | pated nephew of James Sheldon, after livas he leans over the dirty ivory keys of the to deal with men than with women and ing off the old man's bounty, determines to Boston Herald. loose-jointed, tin-panny instrument. And that, for her part, she would rather walk get possession of his uncle's will, suspect- It seems rather a trivial incident to rehow his skinny fingers fly over the key- boldly into a crowd of men and offer her ing that he has been disinherited. In at- cord, but, for the pleasant talks that folboard in an avalanche of ragtime; how his wares than take chances among those of tempting to seal the document he is caught lowed, it may not be amiss to jot it down. eyes shine as he discusses in rhyme and her own sex. The night of the last prize by Sheldon and shoots the old man. Cir- Seated at one of the breakfast tables of melody the romance of a "dusky pair of fight at the Empire Theater, when Wa- cumstances so favor him that he is able to the cozy little seaside inn in "Where's It throw suspicion of the murder on Frank At?" was an elderly gentleman, rather was thronged with the city's sporting ele- Rawdon, an employe of Sheldon, who is grave of aspect, though with an occasional

"Eternal City" will be produced by Beerbohm Tree on Sept. 29. Tree has selected the part of Bonelli and Brandon Thomas

will appear as the Pope.

The first fortnight of September will see the opening of the season in earnest. the Duke of York and the St. James almost colliding with each other with the production of "The Story of the Gadbys" at the Duke of York's and "If I were King" at the St. James.

Henry Arthur Jones's new play is scheduled for Wyndham's, with Lena Ashwell in the principal part. This part afterwards will be played in New York by Margaret Anglin. The fate of the Lyceum having been settled finally, it is probable that Sir Henry Irving will commit his interests in England to Charles Frohman. This has not been definitely settled as yet, but Sir Henry's next appearance in London will be either at the Duke of York's or the Shaftsbury, for both of which Mr. Froh-

A SUMMER HOTEL PICTURE.

With a Good Bit of Philosophy in It-Wise Old Man.

WELL-KNOWN SINGER WILL RETURN.



MISS ALICE HEILSEN

Miss Neilsen will return to this country at the beginning of the season of 1903-1904 to be prima donna of a company to sing an opera being written by Victor Herbert and Harry B. Smith. She is now singing in recitals in London.

From this on to the end of the play it is out to fill his order. Rawdon trying to prove himself innocent and Sheldon trying to show him guilty. Rawdon escapes from jail and finds a val- most of whom have been at work throughuable friend in Tom Daily, a detective. The two have some hair-raising adventures, and in one scene Daily rescues the heroine from a burning building. The humorous | minds, "Where's It At?" is invested with characters of the play are a judge and a | all the glamour of a Newport or Bar Haring the week.

Mrs. Fiske and Mrs. Campbell.

The Dramatic Mirror from time to time prints paragraphs of sarcastic comment on the course of Mrs. Patrick Campbell. That actress is now under the management of other, and seven-dollars-a-week board Charles Frohman, and though the Mirror | seems as colossal an outlay as, under other never tries to control expression of its contempt for Mr. Frohman, it is unusual for a journal to pursue with animosity an individual player. The Mirror is owned and edited by Harrison Grey Fiske, the hus- abundance of rich auburn-red hair, worn in band of Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske. At front in miniature crisp and crinkly curlsthe close of her last season it was rumored that Mrs. Campbell would come to this head of hair, though probably in her nacountry next season under Mr. Fiske's di- tive haunts it had served only to win for rection. Soon afterward this was denied. Perhaps there were negotiations between | had she appeared, tray in hand, through them and perhaps Mrs. Campbell broke swinging door leading from the kitchen in favor of Mr. Frohman, which, of course, gentleman's eye lighted up with all the ferwould earn for her the enmity of Mr. | vor of a Persian fire worshiper's when the Fiske. The following paragraph appears in last week's Mirror:

Patrick Campbell announces among her productions next season is understood to dream." It was the bacon evidently that be 'Johannesfeur.' Various English ver- | was at the bottom of the abrupt transition, sions of this work have been going the as, probing the porcine flesh with a fork, rounds of stars and managers the past one look of his expressive face revealed few months, but the theme and the atmos- how thick, soft, flabby and totally unap-It would seem likelier to prove acceptable in Mrs. Campbell's hands than elsewhere,

The person that never heard of Herman sort of thing from Mr. Fiske. To the per- | perfectly charming!" son properly informed about modern writting for the stage, Mr. Fiske's paragraph will show him in an absurd and contemptible light. Mrs. Campbell made her first visit to this country last season and acted so admirably in several of the best plays of latter-day production that in a few months she firmly established herself on this side of the Atlantic. During the same time the and Judas Iscarit will be the principal | cle of offense could be taken, characters.'

With the exception of Ibsen's "A Doll's tizations must fail, to present the full sense to display her personality and ability at the original little pigling! producing episodic, emotional phenomena. Last season she had one original play, "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch," and a dramatization of a novel, "Miranda of the Balcony." Neither was satisfactory, even to the person that wished most to regard the actress favorably. Mr. and Mrs. Fiske are not in a position to profit by meanly opposing Mrs, Campbell, for they are looked upon as dignified members of the theatrical profession. As for Mrs. Campbell, she is entirely capable of caring for her interests artistically, and Mr. Frohman probably will be able to manage her business affairs suc-

Regarding the Sudermann play referred to, it has been announced several times that Mrs. Campbell is to produce "Long Life to Life," which is new, and not "Johannesfeur." Mr. Fiske may have different information, but the tone of his paragraph does not suggest that he has any valuable ideas about Sudermann's plays or anything else worth while in the general literature of

The News of London.

LONDON, Aug. 2 .- Nearly all the London theaters are closed, but the few remaining open are reaping a rich harvest. The va-Cook-He got a ton av coal yestiday an' to- cation will be short, as September will see season 1902-03 are full of premise. The

caught with the body. Rawdon is a decent | twinkle in his eye, and twitch about the young fellow and Dalton has a private | corner of his lips that indicated relieving gleams of humor. By the way, the young woman waiting on his table had just gone

in this half-way hotel are girls hired in from the surrounding back country, the out the winter teaching, and who are glad enough to earn a little extra pin money by "serving tables" in the summer months. Besides, to their home-bred and untraveled policeman, both Irish. Performances will bor, in which may be studied the latest be given every afternoon and evening dur- mysteries of dress and manners prevalent in metropolises of at least 5,000 inhabitants. To visit the little seashore spot is, therefore, looked on as a liberal education, the equivalent, indeed, of all a sojourn in Paris stands for to their Boston and New York sisterhood. Thus relative is everything in this motley world, where the anthill of one region looms up as the Mont Blanc of anconditions, seven dollars a day at the Waldorf-Astoria

To return, however, to the young woman, gone out to fill the elderly gentleman's breakfast order, whose head, by the way, bountiful nature had adorned with a rare little frizzled darlings indeed. Titian would have given all his old shoes to paint that her the derogatory nickname of "redleaded woodpecker." No sooner, however, than it was a sight to see how the elderly resplendent orb of day first soars above the horizon. Hardly, though, had the sun goddess set before him his cup of coffee and "The new Suderman play which Mrs. plate of fried eggs and bacon than a palpable "change came o'er the spirit of his phere of the drama have not found favor. | petizing he found it. Still, no trace of illtemper betrayed itself. "Don't you think you could bring me a

as she has become the recognized apostle | little bacon done differently from this?" he of the morbid play on the English-speaking | pleasantly began. "I like it cut very thin, and then all crisped and crinkled and frizzled up like-just like-what shall I say? Sudermann may be expected to take in this | Well, just like your front hair! Then it's

A first momentary look of blank astonishment in the young girl's face was instantly followed up by peals of the merriest laughter. The extravagant incongruity between a literal recipe for broiling slices of bacon so as to render them "perfectly charming," and the way in which her front hair was dressed evidently turned topsyturvy and tickled to death all her previous prestige of Mrs. Fiske with her own coun- | ideas of logical analogy. Yet, so plain was trymen declined because of her poor judg- | it to be seen from the elderly gentleman's ment in the selection of plays, and now, as admiring courtesy that his intention was if to drive from her all the persons of in- | solely to exalt the bacon through the fainttelligence that have for years promoted est approximation on its part to the glories her prosperity, she announces for next sea- of her hair, and not to drag down her hair son a melodrama "in which Mary Magdalen | to the prosaic level of bacon, that no parti-"I'll try what I can do for you, sir!" she replied as she left the room, laughing all

House," which Mrs. Fiske acted a few | the way; and when, later on, she returned times in New York at the close of the last | with another plate, it was clear that her season, she has given her public lately a triumph was complete. Certainly, in range vere poor grade of plays. The dramatiza- of color the bacon would have entranced a locked salmon can surpass, if indeed they tions of "Vanity Fair" and "Tess of the | conclave of Venetian Bellinis, Carpaccios | D'Urbervilles"utterly failed, as all drama- and Giorgiones, "Ah! that's just it, just freedom and life. Every scale seems to it!" exclaimed the elderly gentleman; of the Thackeray and Hardy novels. They "why, in that slice, at the right there, only served to give Mrs. Fiske opportunities | you can fairly feel the frisk of the tail of "That old fellow's got that girl solid for

mentarily dazed. The enormous erudition involved in the mental feat of reeling off all that about Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Judas. Phares and Zara of Thamar, Esrom and Aram, had fairly taken her breath

away; but when the author of such an amazing feat deliberately proceeded to compliment her on the possession of a memory, before which his own sank into abyss of nothingness, she hardly knew Now, it so happens that all the waitresses whether she was on her head or her heels. Soon, however, she was merrily laughing again, as she saw into the kindly and sympathetic spirit of a man's humanly apreciating what the trial must be of having to keep abreast with the orders of twenty summer boarders, all speaking in as divers dietetic tongues as Parthians, Medes, Elamites and dwellers in Mesopotamia, Cappadocia and Pontus, on the day of From the elderly gentleman's glibness in dealing with so many scriptural names, the young fellows at the table now made up their minds that he must be a minister. Several of them were quite nautical, and could box the compass forward and backward, but humbly acknowledged that they would have been graveled on Phares and Zara of Thamar. So, the next evening, a couple of them resolved to board the elder-

ly gentleman and try to find out how he had become so skilful in giving tips to waiting girls. One of them, indeed, had the audacity to use this very-rightly offensive-expression. "As to giving tips, young gentlemen," he began, "the most effective tip in the world is a fair, average fellow-feeling with your own human kind. I confess to a great deal of sympathetic interest in these young girls in summer hotels, and to a great admiration for their patience and amiability. Many of them have far more refinement of feeling and far more knowledge than some of the grosser creatures they wait on, but who often show themselves exacting, vulgar and overbearing. Indeed, too large a number of so-called Christians from our city churches feel themselves privileged to act like the devil when they get away to the seashore, instead of recognizing that they are on missionary ground "Now, the one thing I hate beyond all else is the caste spirit, above all the dress and money caste spirit. Money is an excellent thing in its way, but carries no inherent right to browbeat a nice young girl who may have let your three-minute egg boil three minutes and a half. The best way of getting on a pleasant footing with these young women I find to lie in making them laugh from the start. Laugh-

the rest of the season, you bet!" quickly

fee and cocoa, I should go stark mad and

Once again the young girl looked mo-

have to be carried to the insane asylum."

ter is the only one and only all-glorious gospel democrat that unites God and man in one; and so, if I might venture to amend St. Paul, I would add to his summary of 'Hope, Faith and Charity,' 'Hope, Faith, Charity and Laughter.' Indeed, laughter-kindly, genial, human laughteris the high road to all three of these graces. As a general rule, these young girls are overtaxed, tired, shy and despondent; and so, in rare cases, I have recommended to them use of the 'Hercules Resurgent Tonic Bitters.' But long experience has convinced me that even the jackscrew of this stupendous medicine exerts no such power in lifting heavy weights

August Fishing. Country Life in Americia.

from off the mind as stirring up the jaded

spirits with genial, merry, loving laughter.'

Of all the scaly warriors that dwell in still inland waters or lurk on the edge of foam-dashed rapids, the wiliest and the wariest and the most royal foeman for his size is the small-mouthed black bass. Not even the aristocratic trout or the landcan equal, him in the fury of his battle for quiver with rage as he throws himself into the air in his mad efforts to shake himself clear of the hook. There is nothing uncertain in his method of giving battle. Line he will have, and plenty of it, in his first mad

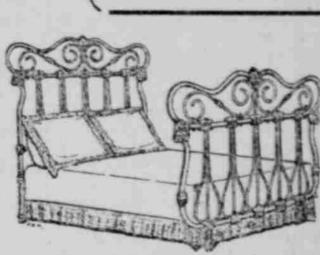


VERY LADY-LIKE. Little Bessie-Mother, Minnie has been in to see me to-day, and she behaved like a lady.

Mother (smiling)-And I hope you did, too, Ethel. Ethel-Yes, indeed I did; I turned somersets for her on the bed.

BRASS BEDS IRON BEDSat

To-morrow morning at 8 o'clock we inaugurate an extraordinary Sale of Manufacturers' Sample Beds (one only of each pattern) at manufacturers' prices-an event which marks the lowest prices of the year, an actual saving to you of one-third. A sale of sample beds, finished better, made with more care than regular stock, representing the very latest and neatest designs from one of the largest and best known metal concerns in the country. Over 100 patterns to select from, all in the new finishes-Vernis Marten, Antique Copper, Ivory and Gold, Black and Gold, bright or dull finishes. Quality, as always with us, the very finest. We quote only a few prices here to show the importance of this event to anyone expecting to buy a metal bed this week.



\$27.50 buys the SANDER & RECKER SPECIAL, a very massive, elegant BRASS BED, heavy 2-inch pillars; quality the very finest; in fact, guaranteed to you in every respect a bed others ask \$40.00 for, and worth quality the very finest; in fact, guaranteed to you in every respect, a bed others ask \$40.00 for, and worth

it, too. Sale price \$27.50. One very fine SAMPLE BED, latest idea, regular price \$65.00. Sample sale......\$48.00 Ten of the very finest Iron Beds made (no two alike in style or finish), priced regularly up to \$32 00. Sample price. \$22.50 \$11.00, \$12.00 and \$13.00 Beds go at......\$9.50

Beds bought during this sale will be held free of charge for future delivery. We advise you to call early, as the best values will go first, and no pattern can be duplicated at these prices.

Bed Springs and Mattresses at SPECIAL REDUCTIONS during this sale. ODD DRESSERS, CHIFFONIERES and TOILET TABLES to go with these fine Beds at GREATLY REDUCED PRICES, notwithstanding that all prices have been greatly advanced by the manufacturers.

SANDER @ RECKER FURNITURE CO.

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whispered to each other several young men HAIR REQUIRES AID at the table; "he's given his tip at the start, and, mind you, see if he doesn't get the best of everything from now on!" in its battle against DANDRUFF, FALLING HAIR At next morning's breakfast, however, another incident occurred of somewhat and ITCHING SCALP. If no aid, soon no hair. similar character. Spite of the best of intentions, the young girl had forgotten one COKE capital item in the elderly gentleman's order, for which neglect she almost painfully apologized. "Of course, of course," he playfuly replied; "why, the wonder to DANDRUFF me is how you manage to keep so many things all at once in your head. I've a pretty good memory myself for some mat-CURE ters, and can repeat without tripping, 'Abraham begat Isaac; and Isaac begat Jacob; and Jacob begat Judas and his brethren; and Judas begat Phares and Zara of Thamar; and Phares begat Esrom; is the only known remedy positively guaranteed to cure all hair and Esrom begat Aram;' but I declare, it and scalp diseases that produce baldness. There is danger in I had to deliver straight in the kitchen over yonder such multifarious orders of worthless imitations. roast beef rare, fried eggs, poached eggs, scrambled eggs, three-minute eggs, French-Coke Dandruff Cure has a world-wide renown, and has been fried potatoes, charlotte russe, lemon pie, pineapple cheese, sliced tomatoes, tea, cofmade and used with success for years.

AVOID SPURIOUS MIXTURES. Unscrupulous dealers are putting out imitations that do not possess its beneficial qualities. Your money returned if Coke Dandruff Cure fails. AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

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rushes. Now it is the butt, or in a second he will be in the air with a slack line and the opportunity he is seeking to shake the hook out. How nobly he fights, clean and fair, with no sulks, game to the last gasp! A foeman worthy of all your skill is he. And whether he fall a victim to the lure of the fly or the baser bait he will give you more satisfaction for his inches than any other fish that swims, not excepting even the lorldy salmon or the mighty muskellunge. August is a good month for bass and likewise for pickerel, pike, perch, largemouthed black bass and muskellunge. The latter, the tarpon of fresh water, will tax the skill and tackle of the angler to the utmost. Along the seacoast cod, mackerel, bluefish, backfish, and, in favored localities,

THE CRIME OF BIGAMY.

striped bass offer good sport this month.

The Penalty for It Not Adequate to

New Orleans Times-Democrat. "Speaking of needed changes in the law," said a prominent member of the New Orleans bar, "it seems to me that our lawmakers could not do a better thing than take up the law relating to the offense of bigamy and make the thing a little more drastic. Here is one of the worst possible offenses, and what aggravates the situation is the fact that offenders of this kind manage to get off as a rule with very light sentences. Because of this fact the offense is becoming very common. One cannot pick up a newspaper nowadays without reading about how some villainous fellow has again imposed on some trusting and unsophisticated young woman. Women are easily fooled somehow, and they fall easy prey to the smooth men who make marrying a business. The bigamist is always a smooth man. During the time I have been at the bar I have known a great many bigamists, and I have never yet met one who did not make a fine show of the prettier and more refined things in life. Frequently they are men of good literary ability. They can spout poetry by the yard, spin theories about philosophies old and new, delve into the classics and all that sort of thing. This, of course, makes their work of deception easier. They are put down as men of more than ordinary attainments, men of brilliance, and as such are not associated in any way with the black designing which has given them a multiplicity of wives. Glance back over the bigamists you have known. Haven't they all been bright fellows? I dare say but few of them would be put down as fools. I suppose it takes a man of some wit to carry on successfully the traffic of a bigamist. Now, in my judgment the law-makers of the different States ought to take up the matter and amend the present | VEDETTE, system of laws that the ropes will be drawn tighter on this class of offenders, I do not know but what the offense ought to be made a capital one, although I am rather opposed to this relic of barbarism. Still something should be done. We ought to do all we can to protect the young womanhood of the country against the brutal designs of this class of criminals. Really the bigamist, belonging to a superior race of men and possessing much refinement, would seem to be worse than the dull. ignorant member of a lower order of people whose passion sweeps him into the vortex of some fearfully shocking crime and whose neck is cracked in due season. There is but one thing to do, and that is to tighten the law a little. The States ought to go after the bigamist vigorously. Proper laws can be framed, and if the lawmakers will make a move in the right direction in a short while we will hear less of the doings of these fellows who make a business of the lowest kind of scoundrelism. Down and away with the bigamists.'

Tiny Japanese Gardens.

Country Life in America. The Japanese create tiny models of landscapes-growing gardens so small that they may occupy no more space than the top of a good-sized table. In these the merest pebbles do duty as rocks, a cupful of stones will construct a cliff and a bunch of small plants serve for a forest, while the paths | Large Assortment - - - Low Prices and streams may be spanned by a finger's breadth. Landscape gardening is said to have been introduced into Japan from China, where Buddhist priests had created miniature landscapes in the temple gardens It was to this end that the dwarfing of trees and shrubs became a necessity. The artistic purpose was to copy the attractions of a true landscape and to give the impression that a real one conveys. It stands for a picture, not merely to look upon, but one to stroll about in and to be enjoyed from within the picture itself. The Japanese garden is as much an art creation as a painting.

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